

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns, rendered in a light gray color, framing the central text.

# **Richie's Spotify Playlist**

**gracefulgrass**

## Richie's Spotify Playlist by gracefulgrass

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**Summary:**

“Guess she's so much better than before, yes she's so much better than b-” Richie's singing was quickly cut short as the door to his room opened. His father stood in the doorway, with an unreadable expression on his face. Shit.

Richie's dad is an asshole, Richie is sad, and Eddie is very concerned.

## 1. The Incident

Richie loved listening to music. It was one of his past times. Sure, his headphones were definitely *not* expensive, they were just those flimsy earbuds that came with his iPhone 5S, which had been a gift from his friends. But he didn't really care. This was something his friends had given him, and Richie adored his friends.

After a long, boring day of school, Richie rode straight home. He'd normally be out with his friends, but they all had something to do. Eddie was stuck at home, Mike had work to do on the farm, Ben had Poetry Club, Bill was taking Georgie (who was slowly turning into mini-Richie, to the joy of Richie and the dismay of everyone else) to see some kids movie, Beverly was grounded for a week for getting caught smoking, and Stan had a nasty cold. That left Richie alone.

Richie walked into his house. It reeked of alcohol. He groaned in frustration. Whenever his mom got drunk (which was most days), she was a *major* bitch. She would throw things at him (if she was a video game character, empty bottles would be her main projectile weapon), insult him, and openly admit she wishes that she had a daughter. Richie scouted the living room. His mom was passed out on the couch. Richie let out a sigh of relief, and walked into his room.

His room was pretty bare. There was a bed, a dresser and a desk. Various pictures of him and his friends from Ben's Polaroid were taped onto the wall. He remembered how Ben gave them to him because Richie called them "aesthetic" when he saw them. His room had the same wallpaper from when he was 7, and when Richie was *really* bored, he would peel off bits of the wallpaper. His desk was messy, covered with various papers from half-written letters to a cousin in Indiana to pages upon pages of ranting. Richie was pretty bored, so he sat on his bed and took out his phone.

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Soon, it was past 5:30. Richie's dad was home, so Richie knew that he shouldn't leave his room. If he walked into the living room right now, he would only get negative attention. So, he put on his headphones and opened Spotify on his phone.

Richie had four main parts to his Spotify playlist. First, there were the meme songs that made him laugh. The ones that he sent to Eddie or Stan and they would always respond with a sarcastic comment. These songs were just there so that he could laugh at how stupid they were, not because he legitimately enjoyed them. No one in their right mind would unironically enjoy these songs.

Next, there was the indie songs that Richie actually liked. He had lots of songs like these in his playlist. He and Bev would recommend each other music. The two were very similar, and he found that he told Bev everything. Well, almost everything. He still hadn't told her about the whole parents thing.

There was a small section of Richie's playlist that consisted of the soundtracks of a couple Broadway musicals. Mike had sent him a bunch from various musicals a couple months ago, and he got hooked. Richie knew that if his dad found out about this part, he'd kill him (figuratively... probably). So, the only one who knew about this was Mike.

The final part of his playlist was a secret. It consisted of songs that were, by definition, sad. He listened to these songs when he felt sad for whatever reason, from Patrick Hockstetter threatening to do fucked up shit to him to when Stan said that he hated him to when his mom threw bottles at him. Richie felt that if he listened to these while he was sad, he would cheer up faster because he would be too tired to be sad. That logic sounded really stupid, but hey, it worked.

Richie turned on shuffle and let music play. The first song was a song from Legally Blonde, that one musical that Mike introduced him to. It seemed okay, but Richie had yet to listen to the song. As the song progressed, Richie felt himself tapping his foot to the beat. It was a pretty good song; the girl singing, presumably the main character, had a nice voice that was pleasant to listen to.

*Seeing my name up on that list, that beats the first time that we kissed!  
You thought I was dumb, but I think that sOmebody's judgement was poOOooOr!*

The song was rather upbeat, and while Richie normally preferred a different genre of music, he had to admit that it was a good song. He

should ask Mike for music suggestions more. As the song continued, he found himself quietly singing along to the chorus.

“Guess she's so much better than before, yes she's so much better than b-” Richie's singing was quickly cut short as the door to his room opened. His father stood in the doorway, with an unreadable expression on his face. *Shit*.

“What are you listening to, *son*? ” Wentworth Tozier said loudly. Richie's father was a dentist, and spent most of his time at work or working overtime (screwing his secretary, Shelby Reed, who was half his age. He wasn't very good at hiding secrets). Whenever he was home and Richie was awake, he would make sure that his son knew just how much of a *failure* he was. On good days, Richie's dad simply told him how disappointed he was in him. On bad days, there would be screaming, grabbing, choking, etcetera. Today, Richie had feared, was going to be a bad day.

“Nothing, dad,” Richie squeaked. His dad let out a sharp laugh. “Oh really? Give me your phone.” Richie's eyes widened. He was gonna see it, and then... Richie shook his head. Richie's dad did not look amused. He bent down and snatched the phone out of his shaking son's hands, and ripped the headphones out of it. *Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuck*. His dad turned his phone on. “So Much Better, from... Legally Blonde: The Musical,” he growled. “I *fucking* knew it, you fag!” Richie's dad slammed the phone onto the desk.

He grabbed his son by the hair. Richie yelped in response. “Where did you get this, you fucking faggot?!” Wentworth bellowed. He punched his son's face. “M-m-my friend B-Bev! Let go of m-me!” Richie cried. He knew that if he told him that Mike sent it to him, he'd lash out even more and call him worse names. *Fuck, Richie*, he thought. *You're worse than Bill at this point!* His dad let out a twisted smile. “You and your fucking slut friend, huh? Who would've thought!” Richie winced. Bev wasn't a slut, the rumors weren't true, the only one who believed them were the idiot girls and asshole boys at school, he wanted to scream back. But he couldn't. His threat was so hoarse, and he felt himself shake.

Richie's dad lifted him in the air and dropped him. “*Fuck!* ” Richie laid on the floor and felt blood run down his arm. His dad kicked him

in the side. "Fags like you don't deserve to live on this Earth!" Wentworth snarled. "You belong in hell!" Kick. Richie remembered the soccer trophies on the shelf in the dining room. *Are you shitting me?* Kick. "Stop it, please!" Kick. "Dad, p-please!" Kick, kick. Each kick increased in strength. Richie felt tears roll out of his eyes as he winced with each kick.

Wentworth kicked him one final time in the stomach as hard as he could. Richie hacked. Did he just cough up blood? No, that's impossible. That would mean internal bleeding...which would kill him. His dad let out one fake, drawn out laugh. "I would never want to be your dad." And with that, he walked out of the room and slammed the door shut behind him, leaving his shaking son alone.

After a few minutes of crying in agony on the floor, Richie got up slowly and painfully. Why was the room spinning? That's not normal. He hobbled over to the desk, where his phone lied. Picking up his phone, he put his password in and opened the Contacts app. He scrolled through his contact list briefly. Stanley the Manley, Billy Boy, Haystack, Mike and Ike, Beverly Hills, Mrs. Denborough and finally, Eds Spagheds. He tapped the final name and opened up the chat.

Richie typed in the words "*eddie, i need you*" with shaky fingers and hit send. He walked over to his bed, and curled into a ball. God, he wish Eddie would come soon.

## 2. The Text

### Summary for the Chapter:

Eddie's phone buzzed during the middle of his study session. He knew that he shouldn't be using his phone, but it might be important. Eddie turned his phone on, to display a text. He read the name first. Trashmouth Tozier. What could Richie want right now? Eddie read the text message. "eddie, i need you". He was confused. Why the hell would Richie need him right now?

Eddie gets a text, and makes a call.

Eddie's phone buzzed during the middle of his study session. He knew that he shouldn't be using his phone, but it might be important. Eddie turned his phone on, to display a text. He read the name first. *Trashmouth Tozier*. What could Richie want right now? Eddie read the text message. "eddie, i need you". He was confused. Why the hell would Richie need him right now? It was just after dinner. Did he need help with homework or something? "*Why?*" Eddie typed back. Richie quickly responded. Very out of character. "im scared". Eddie's eyes widened. Was Richie being chased by a murderer? Was he in the trunk of a stranger's car who was going to sell him into slavery? Eddie quickly typed a quick "What's wrong" and waited nervously for a response.

It took a little while for the response, but eventually Richie responded "my dad hurt me". Eddie audibly gasped, something he rarely did. It made sense when he thought about it. His friend had showed up to school with a black eye with no explanation. Eddie had assumed that it was the doing of Henry Bowers, but now the truth was clear. When he thought about it more, he recalled events from their childhood where Richie would inexplicably show up with bruises and gashes and whatever. He had always said that he was fine. He wasn't fine. "*Fuck how bad*" Eddie typed frantically.

"hard to explain" was Richie's response. Of fucking *course* it was hard to explain. How do you explain being hurt by your dad? "*Send me a*

*picture* ” Eddie typed out. If Richie was badly hurt, Eddie was going to call the police on his friend's parents. He didn't care if his parents tried to kill him or whatever if they got out of jail. Eddie got a few message about two minutes later. One photo and a typed out message. Eddie's eyes widened and he felt his stomach churn. Holy shit.

The photo was of Richie's face. He wasn't wearing his glasses, and one of his eyes was swollen and turning red. He had blood dripping from his nose, and his lip was split. It was obvious that Richie had tried to wipe his eyes and prove that he wasn't crying, but Eddie could see the stains on his cheeks. “*eddie please just come over i dont wanna be alone*” Richie had sent. “*I'll be there in 10*” responded Eddie. It was a four minute bike ride to Richie's house, but Eddie needed to make a call.

On his phone, he dialed 911. He waited for a few seconds, then his call was picked up. “*911, what's your emergency?*” the lady on the other side said calmly. “I'd like to report a case of child abuse.” Eddie could feel himself sweating nervously. “My friend is being abused by his dad.” He could hear the lady typing on her computer. “*Hmm. Can you go into a bit of detail?*” she asked. “Uh, sure,” Eddie replied nervously. “I got a text from my friend Richie Tozier that said ‘eddie i need you’. I responded with a “Why?” because I didn't know why he needed help. He responded in, like, eight seconds that he was scared.” There was more typing.

“*Go on, Eddie.*” Eddie took a deep breath. “I thought he was being kidnapped or something so I typed “what's wrong” and he responded with “my dad hurt me”. I started to freak out and I was like “fuck how bad” and he sent me a picture and... and... *fuck!*” Eddie's breathing became frantic. “*Eddie we need you to calm down if we're going to help your friend. What was on the picture?*” Eddie's breathing slowed. Richie was going to be fine.

“His nose was bleeding and his lip was split. His eye was all swollen and he had, like, tear stains on his cheeks. He looked like... he tried to wipe the tears off.” More typing. “*This sounds very serious. What is the address?*” the lady said. “84 Jackson Street. It's the blue, one-story house. I'm not sure if his mom abuses him too, but his dad definitely does. Please hurry over.” “*Alright, Eddie. We're sending over some*



*officers now. They'll be at the residence in 30 minutes.*” “Thank you,” he breathed, and hung up.

Eddie left his room and walked into the living room. His mom was napping. *Thank god.* He wrote a quick note about how Richie needed him and that he'll be back by his curfew, and placed it in the coffee table. He speed walked out of his house, and walked up to his bike on the porch. He boarded it, and rode down the street.

After a few minutes, Eddie arrived at Richie's house. He rested his bike against a tree, and ran to the side of the house. A window was open as wide as it could have, and Eddie could see the old, baby blue wallpaper. He hoisted himself up and slid through the window. He heard a small voice from the room. “Eds?” Eddie looked up.

Richie Tozier sat on his bed, holding his legs to his chest. His face looked worse in person, and his nose looked like it bled some more in the span of 10 minutes. His eyes were red and glossy, and his voice was hoarse and quiet. Eddie felt horrible. His friend sounded nothing like the Trashmouth he knew.

“Oh my *god*, Richie,” he said finally. He was in shock. Richie looked down. “Sorry for making you come here,” he murmured. “You really didn't have to.” Eddie looked at Richie in shock. “Are you kidding me? You're hurt, why the hell would I not come?” Eddie sat next to his friend and tried to see if there were any more injuries. Richie sniffled. “You can leave if you want to. I'm fine, I was overreacting.” Eddie wanted to slap him, but he didn't for obvious reasons. “You're clearly not fine, Richie!” he exclaimed. “You need medical attention.”

Eddie realized that he rushed over to his friend so fast that he forgot to bring the first aid kit. Shit. Well, it didn't matter that much. When the police came, they would come with an ambulance and Richie would go to the hospital. He'd be okay. He had to be. Richie Tozier was someone who could never be stopped. He remembered the time he punched Patrick Hockstetter in the face when he called Ben a rude name, and that time he yelled at Greta Keene that her dad was a pedophile when she called Beverly a skank. Richie Tozier wouldn't die or anything...right?

The two sat in silence for a while. “What happened?” Eddie asked

finally. Richie hesitated, then gave in. "I was listening to a song from a musical Mike sent me. Then, Dad came into my room and asked me what I was listening to." He looked at Eddie. Eddie could see the tears forming in his eyes.

"I said I wasn't listening to anything, but he yanked the phone out of my hands and saw what I was listening to. He... he called me a fag and beat the shit out of me." Richie let out a small cry. "It hurts so much, Eds." He leaned into his smaller friend's shoulder. "What did I do wrong?" Richie asked. "Why do they hate me so much?" Eddie faced Richie, and clasped onto his hand. "Your parents are awful people, Richie," he said firmly. "You're an amazing person, and they don't deserve you as their son." Richie buried his face deep into Eddie's shoulder.

"He must have been a good soccer player in college. He kicks real hard." Richie let out a bitter laugh. "Also, my arm's bleeding. Just so you know, don't want you getting some blood-transmitted disease." Eddie let out a sigh. "Richie, I don't care about that right now," he said softly. "The only thing I care about is your safety. You're hurt, and sad, and scared." He leaned his head onto Richie. "But you're going to be alright."

Richie hesitated for a moment. Eddie was temporarily afraid he lost consciousness, but those fears were turned to dust when Richie grabbed onto him. He hugged Eddie tight, as though if he let go Eddie would disappear. Eddie smiled slightly, and hugged back. The two boys sat, on the bed, hugging each other tight.

Then, the hug was cut short when the boys heard loud banging on the front door.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Wow, this fic has already gotten a lot of love! I get really happy whenever I see people liking it!

I have 2 ideas for chapter 3: one that's from the perspective of Richie and one that's from the perspective of a police officer. If you'd like, leave a comment explaining which one you'd want!

### 3. The Knock

#### Summary for the Chapter:

“You did what?”

Richie panics.

“You did *what*?”

Richie Tozier could not believe what was happening. Eddie Kasprak, the boy he knew and loved, had called the police. Oh god. Richie could feel his heart pound. He shoved his head into his hands and shook his head. “What’s wrong?” Eddie asked. “The police will arrest your parents and you’ll be safe.”

“It’s not that simple, Eddie!” Richie yelled, and Eddie flinched in response. “You don’t understand,” Richie murmured. The room was spinning, and he felt like he couldn’t breathe. “My dad will convince the police that nothing’s wrong, they’ll leave, and he’ll fucking murder me!” His breathing hitched. Tears rolled down his face. “Richie, slow down,” Eddie said, trying to calm his friend. He put his hand on Richie’s shoulder. “Your dad’s not gonna hurt you. If he does convince the cops that he didn’t do anything, you can stay at my house. Or if my mom doesn’t want you to stay, you can stay at Bill’s.”

“You sure?” Richie sniffled. “Of course,” Eddie smiled. Richie leaned into Eddie and closed his eyes. He could barely see, his face was banged up, his heart was beating out of his chest, and he was extremely dizzy. But he’d be fine. Eddie was with him, and Eddie was probably his favorite person in the world. Richie would be fine. He had to be fine. He didn’t want Eddie to be worried anymore.

Richie bolted upright when he heard a vague voice. Fuck, his dad was coming. He looked at Eddie in alarm, but Eddie just smiled. What the fuck? Was Eddie in on this or some shit? Did he secretly hate Richie and want him dead? His breathing sped up. “Richie, calm down,” Eddie said softly. “That wasn’t your dad.” Richie soon

realized that the voice belonged to a woman. And his mom was still passed out on the couch, wasn't she? Was that his dad's secretary? But, what if it was his mom? What if she was about to barge in his room, and beat the shit out of him or Eddie?

"*Richie Tozier, can you come over here?*" Richie grabbed Eddie's hand and squeezed it. "*This is officer Lavender Robinson. Can you come here?*" Richie wanted to scream that he didn't want to face his dad, but his throat felt like it was gonna shrivel up and die. What would he do? What if the cops thought that he was crazy and what if he was admitted to a mental hospital and he'd never see his friends again or what if his father-

"I'll go with you, Richie," Eddie said softly. "I'll help explain to the cops what happened." Richie looked up. "Really?" he whispered. "Of course," Eddie said. The assurance in his tone was abnormal. Eddie Kasprak, a tiny ball of anxiety, was comforting Richie. The thought made Richie want to laugh. Richie nodded slightly, and they both stood up. His legs shook slightly, and his sides really hurt. Richie grabbed Eddie's hand tightly. He didn't want to fall over, and since Eddie was a healthy weight, maybe he'd prevent him from falling. They walked out of Richie's room and Eddie guided Richie to the living room.

The living room held 4 adults. His mother and father stood on one side of the couch. His mom was having trouble standing still, so it was quite obvious that she was drunk. She probably didn't know what was going on. His father looked angry and shocked at the same time. He was going to beat the shit out of *someone* in the next 5 minutes, Richie could tell. On the other side of the couch stood two police officers. A short woman with long, curly brown hair who looked *pissed*, and a tall, skinny man with black hair who looked very concerned. The two pairs of adults looked like they had been arguing over something.

The woman took a look at Richie and Eddie. Her eyebrows raised in alarm. She was probably thinking about how much his face looked busted. "You have *two* children, Mr. and Mrs. Tozier?" she asked sharply. "No," Eddie said. "I'm Eddie Kasprak. I called the police." Realization hit the officer. "I see. Well, I'm officer Lavender Robinson, and this is my partner, officer Oliver Xia." The male officer

waved. Richie couldn't help but feel angry at the officers. Did they think they were five? (Though Eddie did look like he was 10 sometimes. Richie would get a slap in the face if he would say that out loud, though.)

"Richie, did your parents hurt you?" asked the lady cop. Richie stood in shock for a moment. He didn't know what to say. If he said yes then his dad would probably pounce on him- or worse, Eddie. But if he said no, then the police would leave and then he'd be a goner. Maybe if Eddie hadn't called the police, he wouldn't be stuck in this situation. Maybe he would just show up to school and say that Bowers and his gang beat him up and everything would be fine. Well, not fine, but normal. But now Richie was stuck in a situation where he would probably get maimed either way. He felt his body shake with fear.

"Richie?" Eddie's voice snapped him back to reality. Richie squeezed Eddie's hand. He thought he was going to pass out. He gathered up the little courage he had inside himself and nodded stiffly. The anger on his father's face grew and grew. Richie looked down, and felt tears form in his eyes. His vision was blurry. And as the pain in his arm grew, he cried.

"It's alright, Richie," Eddie said, trying to cheer him up. It wasn't working. "You're gonna be fine." Richie could barely hear him. He was vividly imagining what would happen next- how his dad was about to jump on him and how Eddie would try to stop it and how his father would shove Eddie away and strangle Richie to death. Richie knew it was about to happen. He didn't want to die. He wasn't even 14 yet.

Or what if Richie's father lashed out at Eddie? He had called the police after all. What if Wentworth had pounced, and Eddie would get hurt, and Richie would scream but nothing would happen, and Eddie would be gone? Richie felt more tears roll down his cheeks. Eddie was his best friend. They'd known each other for so long, and Richie was finally coming to terms with the fact that he'd had a crush on him since he was ten. If Eddie was gone, Richie wouldn't know how to go on. Oh god, what if he died? More importantly, what if *Eddie* died?

Time had stopped. Richie couldn't breathe. Everything hurt, and his legs violently shook. He felt someone try to bring him back to reality, but it was useless. Richie's ears were ringing, and it felt like his mouth was glued shut. He heard a faint "Mr. and Mrs. Tozier, you are under arrest" before his legs gave out and everything was black.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

The fic is coming to a close! I decided to add one more chapter, and the next chapter will be added in about 2 days.

Also, this fic has gotten much more love than I expected! Thank you so much!

## 4. The Reactions

### Summary for the Chapter:

The rest of the Losers learn.

The Denboroughs spent some nights watching television together. Georgie would usually fall asleep on someone, and his mom would play piano if she felt like it. Bill relished these moments with his family; he loved them so, so much. Tonight, the Denboroughs watched the news while waiting for Georgie's favorite cartoon to air. The TV flashed with a header called "Local News". Bill sat up straight. It was an uncommon occurrence in Derry when something alarming happened, other than Henry and his goons robbing some place. This must be serious.

*"Good evening, Derry. This is Lillian Gregor, and we have some breaking news."* Bill looked at his mother with confusion. She looked just as confused. *"Today at 6:13 PM, student Eddie Kasprak called local police."* Eddie? Bill's eyes widened. Why the hell did Eddie call the police? Is... is Eddie dead? *"He reported that his friend, Richie Tozier, had been the victim of child abuse."* Bill and his father audibly gasped. His mother clasped her hand to her mouth. Georgie looked confused. "What's child abuse, Mama?" asked the boy. "It's when an adult hurts a kid," his father said slowly. Bill resisted the urge to call Stan, and kept watching.

*"Police came to the Tozier residence to investigate. What they found was shocking."* The screen flashed to a woman police officer who looked grim. *"This kid was clearly recently abused,"* the police officer stated. *"Split lip, bloody nose, swollen face, the whole deal."* Bill felt himself shake. He couldn't stand up. *"In addition, Eddie Kasprak had snuck into the house to comfort his friend. Police say that they couldn't have helped Richie without him."* A picture of Eddie and Richie together flashed up on screen briefly.

*"After Richie had told the police that he was abused, he lost consciousness and fell to the floor."* A picture of an ambulance showed in the corner of the screen. The picture had been taken from a distance, probably by some passerby. A few paramedics were on the scene, but the most

noticeable people in the picture were the two boys. The shorter one was next to a stretcher, talking to (or maybe yelling at) a paramedic, while the other one laid unconscious in the stretcher. The picture disappeared from the screen. *"Wentworth and Maggie Tozier were arrested for child abuse and neglect, and Richie Tozier is now being treated at the local hospital. And now, back to the weather with Earl."*

Bill looked at his mother in shock. He stood upright. "We need to go," he said. His mother nodded.

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Mike Hanlon was relishing this day. He finished his work on the farm early, and he could finally relax for a bit. The best part about this day was that Henry Bowers and his goons hadn't singled him out yet. On an average day, he would've at the very least been shoved in the hallway. Thank god today wasn't an average day. He could enjoy a peaceful day for the first time in a few months.

That is, until he got a call.

The call was from Eddie. Wasn't Eddie studying for his big history test in 2 days? Why was he calling him? Mike picked up the phone. "Hey Eddie. What's up?" he asked calmly. *"Mike, something really bad happened. I need you to go to the hospital."* Mike sat up straight. "What happened? Are you hurt?" *"It's Richie,"* Mike could hear Eddie out of breath. In the background, the sound of muffled sirens rang in his ears.

*"His dad hit him. A lot. They're going to jail, but Richie passed out and..."* Mike felt his eyes widen. "Why did they do that?" he asked quietly. *"Richie said he was listening to some musical, then his dad walked in and didn't like it very much. His face is all fucked up."* Oh fuck. Oh fuck. Mike sent Richie a couple musicals a few months ago. He was probably listening to one of them. Oh fuck. Did he indirectly cause his friend to get hit by his dad? No, that's stupid. Still, Mike couldn't help but feel the guilt rush in.

"I'll be there. I'm at my house right now, so I might take a while, but I'll be there," Mike stated. He already was heading towards his bike. *"Thanks Mike. Bye."* The call ended, and Mike boarded his bicycle



(Richie tended to call it the “Micycle”. God, Mike hoped that he was okay). He started to pedal as fast as he could to the hospital.

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Stanley Uris blew his nose. This stupid cold was going to kill him, he thought. He sat in bed and looked out the window. The sun was beginning to set. Stan sighed and turned back to his Algebra homework, only hesitating when he heard sirens in the distance. He glanced out of his window, and saw a police car and an ambulance speed down the street. *Huh*, he thought. *That was weird*. He rarely hears sirens in Derry.

Stan’s phone buzzed on his nightstand. He put his homework down and grabbed his phone. He had gotten a text from Bill. “You need to go to the hospital right now”. Wait, what? Was Bill hurt or something? “*What why?*” Stan typed. “*It’s Richie*”.

Ugh. Trashmouth probably picked a fight with Bowers and got a broken nose again. He kept telling him that he should try to be more passive, but he would always respond with a “Nah!” and run over to yell at some bully. Stan could do nothing but watch in disappointment when he came back with a black eye. He had said “I told you so” more times in life than times he could possibly count.

“*What did he do this time?*” Stan typed. He hoped that his text was conveyed in the same sarcastic tone that he thought it in. “He didn’t do anything it was his dad”, Bill sent back. Stan was puzzled. Did Richie’s dad get hurt? If yes, then why should Stan come? He had only seen Wentworth Tozier twice in his lifetime, both when he was like 9. That was a long time ago. He can’t even properly remember his face. “*What happened?*”

“His dad hurt him and he texted Eddie to come over and Eddie called the police and snuck into his room and then the police came and Richie told them that his dad hurt him and then Richie passed out and he’s in the hospital”. Woah, that was a big text. Stan read the text and his face contorted with a variety of emotions. Thoughts of anger, sadness, shock and fear ran through his mind. “*Okay I’m on my way*” he quickly sent and ran down the hallway.

“Mom?!” Stan yelled. “I need you to drive me to the hospital!”

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Ben Hanscom came home from Poetry Club an hour ago, yet he still read poems in his room. His mother and father never understood why he spent so much time reading various books and poems, but he didn't really care all that much. Reading was kinda just... his thing. It was nice to read about losers like him becoming heroes. It was uplifting. Then again, there's the books that are about brave warriors who survive intense hardships. These books kinda made him sad, probably because he didn't think he'd turn out like brave, strong warriors. But it was no big deal. It was fictional, after all.

Ben was snapped out of his reading trance when he heard his mom's voice. “Ben, what were the names of your short friend and your pale skinny friend? she yelled from the living room. “Richie and Eddie, Mom!” he called back. “Ben, come over here!” his mother yelled after a brief hesitation.

Ben sighed, and walked out of his room. When he walked into his living room, he noticed that his mother's face was paler than he had ever seen before. “What's wrong?” he asked. His mother rewound the TV. She was watching the news, apparently. After a few seconds, she hit play.

*“Today at 6:13 PM, Eddie Kasprak called local police. He reported that his friend, Richie Tozier, had been a victim of child abuse. ”* Ben felt his jaw drop. Holy shit. As the rest of the news segment went on, about 850 thoughts rushed into his brain. *Why the hell didn't Richie tell us? Where is he? Is he okay?*

When the news program ended, and it switched to the weather, Ben stared at his mother in shock. She returned the shocked look. “I'll get the keys,” she said finally.

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Beverly Marsh tapped her hand against the desk. She was extremely bored. Her aunt had just left to get groceries, so she sat home alone. She was tempted to go do something outside, but then she

remembered about the whole cigarettes incident. Beverly sighed. At least her aunt was sympathetic enough to allow her to make calls if needed. Her aunt really did try to give her a good parental figure, especially considering the whole dad incident. Beverly shuddered.

*Maybe I could smoke from the stash under the dresser*, Beverly thought. But she shook her head. If her aunt found her smoking while she was grounded *for smoking*, she'd never see the light of day again. So she sat around, bored out of her mind.

Beverly's phone rang. It was from Ben, so she picked it up rather quickly. Ben was someone that anyone was in the Losers Club could trust, reliable and kind. "Hey, Ben. What's up?" she asked casually. "*Beverly, you need to head to the hospital right now.*" Beverly sat up straight. The urgency in his tone made her worried. "Why, what happened?" A brief hesitation.

*"Richie's dad... hit him. Bad. It was on the news."* Beverly sat in shock. "What?" she asked softly. "*Eddie got a text from Richie saying that he needed him and that his dad hurt him, and Eddie snuck into his house after calling the police. Then the police came and Richie passed out, and...*" Ben paused. "*He's in the hospital. You need to go,*" he said.

Beverly nodded. Richie was one of her closest friends. They were smoking buddies, and they shared music and... Richie shared his secrets with her. He told her about his crush on Eddie a while ago. Then again, he clearly kept some things to himself. After all, why else why she just hear about this abuse thing now?

"I'll be there soon," Beverly said. "Bye, Ben." She hung up and quickly dialed her aunt's number.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I was really busy this week, so I didn't get it up until now. Sorry! But here it is!

The next chapter should be out by Sunday.

Enjoy this filler! : D

## 5. The Awakening

### Summary for the Chapter:

Eddie Kasprak fidgeted in his seat. Him and his friends (plus some parents and Georgie) sat in the hallway of the hospital in various degrees of stress.

Richie wakes up.

Eddie Kasprak fidgeted in his seat. Him and his friends (plus some parents and Georgie) sat in the hallway of the hospital in various degrees of stress. Bill and Stan's hands were locked together. Mike was picking at his sleeve. Ben and Beverly quietly talked about what was happening. Richie Tozier, resident Trashmouth and the kid Eddie might have a big crush on, was currently being examined by doctors. Eddie had accompanied him in the ambulance (*"Richie?!" Eddie yelled. His friend laid unconscious on the floor. His eyes were wide open, and he looked dead. "Richie, get up!" he screamed. "This isn't funny! Get up!"*), and he and company were fearful of what might happen to their Trashmouth.

After a wait that seemed like millennia, the doctor walked outside holding some papers. He looked tense, and was sweating. "Is he okay?" Eddie blurted out. The doctor smiled weakly. "He's not exactly in perfect condition, but he's definitely not going to die," he said semi-cheerfully. "He has injuries on his face that are temporary. However, his arm was pretty bad. We predict that he accidentally stabbed himself with a nail when his father threw him to the ground." Stan gagged. "We had to clean the wound a bit, but he should be out of here by tomorrow."

Eddie sighed in relief. Richie's going to be fine. He was going to survive, and be able to hang out with them and make his normal jokes and everything will be alright. "Can we... can we see him?" Stan asked softly. Stan and Richie were close, regardless of how many times Stan said he "despised Richie with the power of a thousand suns". He was obviously concerned about Richie's health, and who wouldn't be?

The doctor hesitated, then nodded. "I don't want all of you going in at once," he stated. "It might overwhelm him. One person should go in first until he realizes what's going on." "I'll go," Eddie stated quickly. The Losers looked at him, and silently agreed. After all, Eddie was the one who called the police, wasn't he? Wasn't he the one who comforted Richie? And wasn't he the one who helped carry Richie into the ambulance? Eddie looked back at his friends for a moment, then walked into room 322.

Richie Tozier slept calmly on the hospital bed. Maybe slept wasn't the right word. It was more like he laid unconscious on the bed. He had his arm wrapped up, and he was connected to an IV. The boy wore a hospital gown, and he looked peaceful for the first time that night. His signature glasses weren't on, so Eddie could properly inspect his face a little. Why was he just noticing all the freckles and how long his eyelashes were? *Now is not the time, Eddie. Stop being gay and start helping your friend.*

Richie's eyes fluttered. He tensed up a little, presumably not knowing where he was, but relaxed when his eyes landed on Eddie. "Hi, Eds," he said groggily. He rubbed his eyes. "How do I look? Pretty enough so that your mom will take me back?" Richie pulled a weak grin. "That was a bad one," Eddie said flatly. Richie's smile faded. "Sorry, Eds- I mean Eddie. You don't like it when I call you that, right?"

Eddie hesitated, but shook his head. Richie's eyes widened. "But you said-" "I lied," Eddie stated. "I like it when you call me Eds, okay? Don't let it get to your head." Richie smiled stupidly. "Hey, Richie?" Eddie asked. Richie looked up. "Why didn't you tell us that your dad.. y'know..." Richie's face dropped. "Well, we're all being honest now, huh?" he laughed bitterly.

"I.. I guess that I didn't want you guys to know... know that I was..." Richie buried his face into his hands. "I thought you guys would think I was a pussy or something." Richie's voice was muffled, but Eddie could hear him clearly. "Richie, we don't think you're a pussy or whatever," Eddie said, walking closer to his friend. "Everyone's worried sick about you." Richie let out a forced laugh. "You sure?" Eddie's look of concern grew. Did he really think that no one cared? "Yes, Richie. Bill and Stan and Bev and Ben and Mike and Georgie and everyone. And me." Richie looked up at his friend

"Hey Eds?" Richie asked softly. "Can you come here?" Eddie nodded and walked towards his friend. Richie held his hand. "Thank you," he smiled. "For everything." Eddie smiled wide. His friend was okay. Everything was going to be fine. It's all going to be alright. "Richie," He said quietly. "Can I say something?" Richie nodded. "Is something wrong?" he asked. Eddie bent down and kissed his friend on the cheek.

"Iloveyou," he said fast. Richie sat still. His face was bright pink and he looked straight ahead. Fuck, Eddie fucked up. Now Richie would think he was some crazy gay guy and they wouldn't be friends and fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck. "Eds?" Richie said, causing Eddie to snap out of it. "I love you too," the pale boy said. And he smiled, and Eddie smiled back.

The rest of the Losers walked into the room, causing Richie and Eddie to simultaneously jump. "Fucking *finally* ," Stan said loudly. "Did it really take such a shit situation for you guys to finally profess your undying love?" Richie and Eddie simultaneously flushed bright red. "Shut it, Flat Stanley," Richie murmured. Beverly laughed quietly, but then their faces turned serious. "Richie, w-why didn't you tell us?" Bill said with concern. "W-we could've stopped it earlier." Richie shrugged. "It doesn't matter," he said dully. "Yes it does, Richie!" Beverly yelled. "We care about you, and you know that you could tell us anything!"

"Eddie said your dad..." Mike hesitated. "You were listening to that musical I sent you, right?" Richie nodded, looking sort of confused. "Sorry," Mike apologized. "If you weren't listening to it, then maybe..." "You're kidding right?" Richie asked. "Because I listened to it, I'm getting out of that shithole. Also, it was a good song." They laughed, and it was quiet.

"The doctor said you're staying until tomorrow," Ben said quietly. "Yeah," Richie said. "Then I'm probably stuck in foster care or something. How *fun* ." He did some jazz hands. "Then again, it's probably gonna be the one with Ed and Dorsey Corcoran, and they're okay, so that's nice." Richie let out a small laugh. The Losers shared concerned glances.

Just then, Georgie ran into the room. "Richie!" he yelled. "Mommy

says that you're hurt! Are you okay?" He ran up to Richie's side. Richie laughed a little at the quick pace of the seven year old. "I'm fine, Georgie." "But your face is weird!" Georgie yelled. "My arm's even weirder," Richie said. "I'd show you, but Eddie would kill me." The Losers laughed. "Oh!" Georgie squeaked. "Stan said that you and Eddie were 'the homos'. What does that mean?" Richie and Eddie simultaneously looked at Stan. "It's true," Stan defended. Bill snorted.

"It means that they love each other," Ben explained. "Does that mean that Stan and Billy are the homos?" Bill laughed awkwardly. "N-no, Georgie. It's complicated, y-you'll understand in a couple y-years." Bill ushered Georgie out. The Losers nervously laughed. That was awkward. Bill turned back to his friends, his face the same deep red as Stan's.

Just then, that doctor walked in. "I'm afraid that your friend needs rest," he said calmly. Eddie nodded. "Come on guys," he said. The Losers followed him to the door. Richie waved. "Bye guys! Eds, tell your mom we can bang tomorrow!" The Losers (and the doctor) groaned. His friends left and shut the door behind them.

"Hey, Eddie?" Richie asked, just as Eddie was about to leave. "Do you... do you want to go see a movie at the Aladdin? Just the two of us?" Eddie paused, and he saw Richie's face drop. "Of course," Eddie said. Richie grinned. He waved at Eddie, and Eddie waved back. And with that, the short boy walked out of the hospital room.

Eddie knew that he'd be back tomorrow, and that he'd spend as much time with Richie as he needed. And as he heard small conversations (the most notable being the one between Bill and his mother about something like adoption), he knew that Richie would be better. He'd be so much better than he was before.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

This is it! This fic has gotten so much love! Thank you all so much!

I might add a sixth chapter if you all want it, but until then, this is the end.

**Author's Note:**

Hey! This is my first fic, and I really hope you enjoy it!

It'll be divided into 4 chapters (chapter 3 is kinda just filler but whatever).

Feedback is appreciated!